

THE  
PLEASURES OF LIFE,

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF *ALL WEAS HAPPY*, &c.

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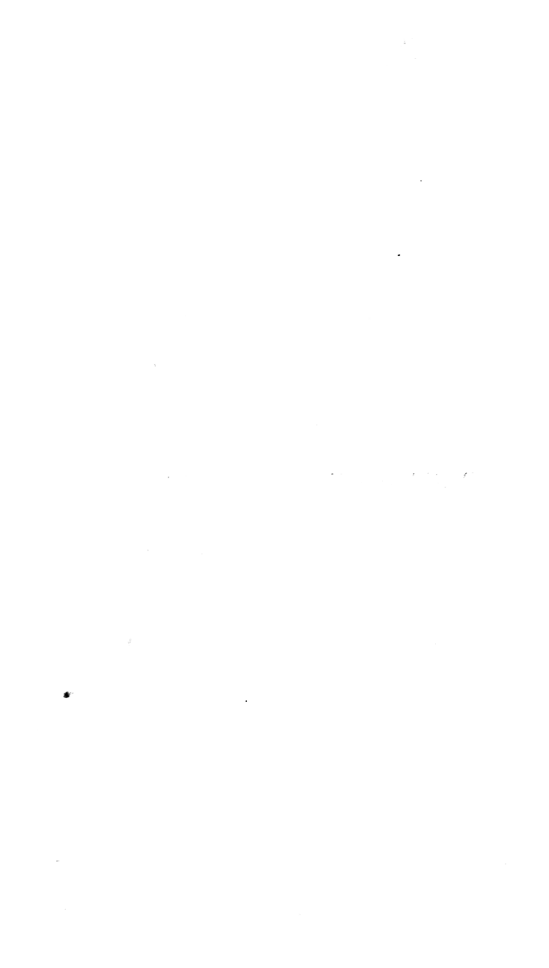
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*John Day Jones*

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THE  
PLEASURES OF LIFE.

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*How good is it when thou art reprov'd, to shew repentance,  
for so shalt thou escape wilful Sin.*

*VER. 331.*

*Pub. by I. Harris, corner S. Paul's Church Yd.*



THE  
PLEASURES OF LIFE.

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WRITTEN FOR HER CHILDREN,  
BY A MOTHER.

AUTHOR OF "ALWAYS HAPPY," &c. &c.

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" ————— He seemed of life

" The very principle.—Happy in living."

JOHN SCOTT.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S  
CHURCH-YARD.

1818.

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**J. Swan, Printer,  
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THE following work was written, because a smiling circle of Children asked their Mother for another of *her* Books.

It was written in a kind of measured prose, because it was observed, that the young People read, with peculiar pleasure, Works composed in that style; such as Mrs. Barbauld's admirable "Prose Hymns," "The Economy of Human Life," &c.

It was inscribed to the memory of the amiable Boy, snatched from the joyous group, because he more than once expressed a wish for a Dedication from his Mother's pen. That mourning Mother's sweetest occupation is to think upon him, recal his virtues and his talents, and in every possible way perform what he wished, and complete what he projected.

The remarkable gaiety of his disposition, and his aptitude to be pleased with all things, and to find happiness in every event, renders the Dedication of a Work, professing to treat of the Pleasures of Life, to his Memory, peculiarly appropriate.



## DEDICATION.



TO THE ENDEARED MEMORY OF

J. H. B.,

Who closed a happy and blameless life,  
by a calm and smiling death, at the early  
age of Nine Years,

This little Volume is inscribed, with  
tender respect, by his once doating and  
now lamenting Mother,

THE AUTHOR.



“ These are not words of course.” JOHN SCOTT.



My precious child, short was thy earthly doom,  
Yet as the rosebud's brilliant scent and hue,  
Gives promise of a glorious ripened bloom,  
So was thy childhood to the presage true !

Oh! thou wert born, so good, so pure,  
Thou hadst no need life's trials to endure

To rectify thy soul !

Affectionate, brave, generous, kind,  
Sportive thy wit, intelligent thy mind,  
Thou'st reach'd at once both life and virtue's goal.  
Flown from thy weeping mother's breast,  
From blessing—to be blest.



“ And all shall mourn for him, for he only shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing.”—1 *Kings*, c. xiv, v. 13.







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THE  
PLEASURES OF LIFE.

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THE PLEASURES OF SPRING.

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MANY and various are the pleasures of life! Every season has its joys—every hour has its amusements. It is Spring: on every side scenes of beauty and objects of gladness cheer the sight, and enliven the heart.

Let us walk abroad and view the charms of the landscape. Let us walk abroad and mark the freshness of reviving nature.

Whilst the dew yet moistens the green herb, whilst the mists yet float upon the mountain,

The birds are busy forming their nests. Their slender beaks dexterously shape them into roundness.

With moss, and wool, and hair, they line the dwelling of their future nestlings.

The hen sits patiently on her snowy eggs, waiting the moment when her bill shall set her imprisoned offspring free.

The silk-worm is weaving its golden cones, and the bee moulding its beautiful cell. All is bustle and industry.

The insect, and the bird, and every animal, give a lesson to man. They show the use of activity; and, at the same time, in various ways, proclaim its power to give happiness.

The sluggard has few joys; while he sleeps, pleasures are passing away un-

tasted; while he slumbers, beauty is flourishing unnoticed.

But we will shun the mistakes of the sluggard, we will be happy while we can, we will industriously seize every pleasure as it passes us.

Behold the busy plowman turning up the crumbling soil! he whistles as he goes. He is gay, because he is busy.

Behold the seedsman, as he walks with measured pace, scattering the seed into the bosom of the earth.

He sings as he walks.

He forgets the fatigue in the animating exercise of his labour.

He is pleased, because he is industrious.

Behold the gardener digging up the rich soil.

He smiles as he plants the young shrub, or tender root.

He smiles, because he looks forward to the reward of his labour.

He knows that toil secures health, and

promotes abundance. He is merry because he is employed.

See that reeling beggar, he was once rich, but idleness has made him poor.

He was once mirthful, but sloth has made him sad.

He drinks to drive away care, and he will soon die diseased and despised.

Thus industry not only gives pleasure, but prevents wickedness.

We will, therefore, be industrious; all nature bids us be so.

Whither shall we turn our steps? no matter whither. Beauty and delight shall meet us wherever we go.

The gay furze is blooming on the wide common, and the many-coloured heath is enamelling the ground.

The bee is humming on the fragrant blossom, and the butterfly bending down the blade with its light touch.

The tinkling bells of scattered flocks break the silence of the scene.

And a soft gale breathes fragrance  
from dewy herbs. ↓

Low white cottages skirt the edge of  
the spreading heath, and merry children  
join in gambols with the young goslings  
that are newly hatched, and covered  
with callow down.

But we will leave the heath and wan-  
der through the wood.

How sweetly the wind sighs through  
the embowering branches of the trees !

How bright the green of the freshly  
expanded foliage !

How soft the smooth turf beneath  
our feet !

The sorrel is spreading here its snowy  
bosom, and the wood-anemone opening  
its transparent flowers..

Primroses enwreath the dark uprising  
root.

The ivy climbs around the rugged  
trunk.

We have passed the shady wood, and the green lane receives us into its windings.

How fragrant the hawthorn hedge ! The flower that now so charmingly perfumes the air shall pass away, and its crimson fruit shall brighten the winter landscape, and feed the winter band of feathered warblers.

The wild rose here blushes as the virgin's cheek.

There it outvies the whiteness of the virgin's bosom ; alike pure and lovely.

The flower well fenced with thorns and sheltering leaves.

The maid enshrined by modesty and guardian dignity.

The yielding gate opens to the rich meadow.

The innumerable tribe of grasses gracefully court the gazer's eyes.

The slender stems wave at the slightest breeze.



The nodding heads hang overcharged with minute seeds.

The small birds gratefully watch their harvest, and peck the tiny grains.

Thus not beauty alone, oh man ! but benefit arises from the humblest product of teeming nature.

Not more lovely, though more imposing, the corn-field planted by human industry ; where golden crops are decked with Flora's loveliest children.

As the gale undulates the wavy surface, crimson, blue, pink, yellow flowrets, mingle their garish tints with the soberer hue of the ripening grain, spreading a rich and variegated carpet on the far-stretched plain.

But the light shower of spring is softly falling on herb and tree.

The flying clouds chase the shadows on the mead and hill.

Our wanderings cannot reach the heath, the wood, the winding lane.

Turn then to the garden, where cultivated bloom shall well repay our search.

See the lily bending over its feeble stem, and exhaling soft perfume.

Carnations pre-eminent in beauty and in fragrance.

The snowy jasmine starring the luxuriant foliage.

Let us gather this humble pea, and tear asunder its delicate petals: behold, concealed within, the tiny pod, filled with its perfect, but minute seeds.)

It is the nursling in its cradle; grown to maturity, it no longer needs nourishment or shelter, but braves, uncovered, the sunny beam.

The full-formed bean shall give us another specimen of the embryo of vegetation.

Split asunder this hardy bean, and in its bosom we shall discover the germ of a future plant.

But does no garden gladden our homely dwelling ?

Yet shall the flaunting nosegay cheer us with the sweets of Spring.

The closest cities and the murkiest abode may be enlivened with the loveliest bloom.

The rudest weed displays beauty to the eye of careful observation, and the lowliest blossom can speak the welcome return of the vernal season.

Scarce a casement but is decked with its plant, scarce a chamber but is adorned with the wild posey, or the cultivated garland.

The window graced with the myrtle and geranium.

Or the splendid conservatory, enriched with more costly exotics.

All give specimens of blooming nature, all disclose beauty to the eye, and yield fragrance to the air.

All offer a pure source of genuine pleasure.

Whether we gaze on the expanded flower, luxuriant in beauty, or mark the embryo plant in the bosom of the seed,

What lesson does the sight press on thy heart, oh man ?

Speaks it not design and superintending skill ?

Are such ordinations the work of chance ?

Are such effects the consequence of accident ?

But the truth makes its own impression. It sinks upon the heart with deep and unerasable influence !

We feel ourselves surrounded by Providence.

We behold Almighty Power displayed in every object that environs us.

We mark Almighty Wisdom exhibited in every operation that occurs within our notice.

We feel Almighty Mercy in every attribute bestowed upon us—in every event permitted to affect us.

Let us then humbly adore and gratefully praise the great Source of all that charms or blesses existence.

However inscrutable the decrees, or however incomprehensible the attributes of a Deity, who but the fool can doubt that there is a God?

## THE PLEASURES OF SUMMER.



SPRING has passed away, and Summer now glows with fervid warmth. The early mower's scythe is sweeping down the nodding grass and fragrant clover. As he stops to whet the blunted edge, the sound floats musically on the breeze.

It awakens the sluggard from his feverish sleep.

Arouse.—The sun has for many hours gladdened the landscape. Birds, beasts, and fishes, every insect and every reptile, profit by the lengthened day.

Shall the eye of man alone be shut upon the cheerful view! Shall the heart

of man alone be insensible to the glorious radiance! Up, slumberer! and hasten from thy couch!

The momentary pain of the exertion shall be well repaid. The early walk shall give thee that most splendid of all natural scenes—the rising sun.—See the grey clouds are deepening to purple.

The sky is gradually assuming a golden tint.

From the east, the dawn suffuses with increasing light the expansive ether. The landscape emerges from darkness.

The stream begins to twinkle with the matin beam.

In majestic radiance, the sun slowly ascends the sky. His beam gives colouring to the wood, the tower, the stream; and the dark clouds, that for a moment veil his brightness, are edged with a golden fringe.

Can thy pillow yield thee such a glo-

rious vision? Can the sweetest slumbers  
bless thee with such rapturous emotion?

But the passing shower dimples the  
pool, and warns the loiterer to the shade  
of the full-foliaged wood,

To the shelter of the lonely cottage.

The spider is busy, spreading its deli-  
cate net-work over the casement.

How thread is drawn after thread!  
With what neat precision is formed the  
curious web!

The ant is crossing the foot-path, and  
bearing to its subterranean granary the  
collected store.

Let not the foot of the wanderer crush  
the industrious toiler, or wreck his low  
abode.

How vast the labour that dug out each  
cell, and filled each with a well-selected  
hoard.

Oh! turn aside, nor in an idle moment  
destroy the work of many busy hours.



How small the labourer! how vast the excavation he has produced!

Whence comes this mighty effect from such a minute and feeble cause!

It is the triumph of perseverance. Behold! oh, man! what may be done by patience and by unremitting toil.

Behold! and relax not in thy course of usefulness and duty.

Small efforts, steadily repeated, produce whatever skill can suggest, or ingenuity devise. As the ant slowly excavates its cell, and yet more slowly raises the wall that divides it into portions.

As from afar she procures the weighty grain, and laboriously drags it to her secret hoard, so by patient perseverance man rears the stately edifice, and completes the grandest design.

Behold the magnificent temple, or the gorgeous palace!

Man, like a mite, appears by the vast structure he has raised.

How apparently incompetent the cause to the effect.

Yet it was by the labour of this seemingly insignificant creature that the noblest edifices have been constructed.

Let the youth draw a moral from these facts.

Let him not despair, though the road to learning appear long and difficult.

Let him not desist, though the hill of science seems impossible to ascend.

As one foot placed before the other, with unremitting vigilance, will cause the traveller to pass over the longest route:

As the wheel, by incessant circumnavigation, is propelled forward to the most distant goal:

So persistency of labour, be it of mind or of body, shall insure success—shall

conduct to the attainment of all wisdom and of all virtue.

For as the fast-falling footstep bears the body from what it would leave, at the same time that it leads it to what it would reach,

So does every advance to virtue make us retrograde from vice.

We come nearer good as we farther leave evil behind. The wheel that rolls on from the spot it quits to the spot it approaches, not more assuredly distances the one as it draws near the other, than the mind, as it advances in the course of knowledge, recedes from the point of ignorance.

Have you marked with what imperceptible, yet certain progress, the light of day steals on the darkness of the night?

How to black shades succeed the radiance of noon?

Fear not then, if unfelt thy advancement in wisdom.

As well might we doubt the dawn leading to day, as that the regular efforts of study shall fail to procure knowledge.

Then cheer thee, young man, however slow thy progress, it shall be certain.

Relax not in thy labour; vigorously pursue thy studies, and wisdom shall be thy glorious reward.

But the shadows of evening are falling around.

The insects are fluttering over the limpid brook; the worm is crawling over the dew-moistened path; and the snail clinging to the dew-moistened herb.

Each fulfilling its appointed destiny; gaily and quietly, running its humble round.

Yet who would believe that the tiny ephemera, sporting on the stream, once slept in its watery bosom.

That the butterfly, whose tints outvie

the garish flower, whose ceaseless motions rival whatever is most sportive and most buoyant, was once a colourless, senseless grub, shut up in its clayey, or silken tomb.

How wondrous the change! How unforeseen, how mysterious!

Does no other change, wondrous, mysterious, but not unforeseen, break upon thy mind, oh man!

Shall the great Lord of Nature revive the worm from its apparent grave, revivify the death-struck reptile, and call it again into life, not only in a new, but an improved form.

And shall he not, can he not, resuscitate the human spirit?

Shall the insect display such a glorious phenomenon, and no moral attend the miracle?

There is nothing made, there is nothing performed in vain.

The worm, that passes from the dull grub to the gorgeous butterfly, has its moral as well as its use.

It proves what metamorphosis may occur. If to the minutest, if to the most insignificant of animated creatures, wherefore not to the most lordly ?

Wherefore not to man ?

Why shall not man revive from the grave, and casting off his earthy, assume his celestial form ?

But, as if insects alone were not sufficient to suggest the blessed truth,

To demonstrate the sublime fact,

The vegetable world are created to confirm it on every side.

Oh ! see this tiny seed—so small, so very small, the unassisted eye can scarcely discover its shape.

Yet from its minute bosom the splendid and stately poppy shall put forth its vigorous stem and gaudy flower.

Behold the acorn, dropping from its net-worked cup.

It falls beneath the shades of the stately oak, and is lost in the moss that embeds its root.

But let the rains swell the implanted seed, and the sunbeam warm the rising sap ;

Let months and years silently pass away, and if again we visit the spot, we shall indeed no longer perceive the acorn, but we shall discover the aspiring sapling springing from its bosom.

As our minds expand to receive these facts, let our hearts as frankly open to accept the blessed truth of immortality. Then shall we not fear to resign our earthly existence : then shall we not fear to resign our earthly form.

The turf that covers our grave shall not more surely put forth fresh blades and buds, than shall the spirit spring,

from its entombed body; and, leaving behind the shattered wreck to moulder and decay, arise, in a new form, to a new life.



## THE PLEASURES OF AUTUMN.



It is Autumn. The vernal flowers have withered and are passed away; the glory of Summer has faded into sober tints; yet is not beauty extinct: yet glows the landscape with loveliness; changed, indeed, but ever grateful, ever cheering to the eye of man.

Flowers, indeed, have passed away, but the ripening fruit blushes on the bending bough.

The meadows have lost their flower-woven covering, but the corn-fields are embrowned with the waving harvest.

The wild rose no longer blooms upon

the bank, but the hop flaunts its wild garland over hedge and bush, its climbing tendrils creep around the tall pole, and hang, many a fragrant cluster, in graceful profusion.

No more the mower's scythe sounds blithsome from the vale.

But the reaper's song is heard cheerily breaking the silence of noon.

Many a joyous group encircle the luxuriant apple-tree, and shake from the trembling boughs the ruddy fruit.

Gay are the bands that pick the hop-flower from the flexile plant.

Pleasure is not fled, it is but varied.

Beauty yet glows in the landscape, and gladdens the view.

The hawthorn no longer scents the air, but the dark blackberry courts the thirsty lip.

The primrose no longer brightens the coppice, but the clustered nuts fall at the touch of the merry wanderer.

What season, oh man ! is without its joys ?

Is not each the appointment of God ?

And is not God the fountain of beauty and happiness ?

What spot of the globe is destitute of grace or usefulness ?

Is not every spot of the globe the work of God ?

And is not God the essence of power and of mercy !

What animate or inanimate object is without some charm or some utility !

Is not every object created by God ?

And is not God the source of all wisdom and of all virtue ?

Why called he this fair earth into being ; why gave he life to innumerable moving creatures ; why clothed he the soil with endless variety of herbs, and trees, and plants ?

Why, but to bestow felicity; why but to enjoy the view of happiness!

Thou pensive Rambler, who with slow pace and downcast eye, passest amid the laughing landscape, untouched by its charms, uncheered by its gaiety.

Say not that the scene is without joy; because thou wilt not look upon it.

Declare not that life is without pleasure, because thou wilt not feel it.

Raise up thine eye and look around.

Open thine ear to the sounds that murmur near.

Expand thy heart to the influence of sweet sights and sounds.

Mark the gay colour of flowers and fruits.

The brightly streaked tulip, the crimson poppy, the snowy bindweed.

Bloom not these with enlivening power?

Listen to the notes of woodland cho-

risters, the low of herds, the bleating of flocks.

Is there not mirth in their diversified tones ?

Watch the gambols of the brute creation.

The rabbit frisking over the lonely heath.

The squirrel skipping lightly from bough to bough, in the deep wood.

The horse swiftly traversing the smooth pasture.

Does not merriment of spirit induce these several marks of animal joy ?

Oh ! they were born for pleasure, and fulfil their destiny.

Man alone opposes his fate.

Man, equally created for felicity, spurns the blessing in his grasp, and then impiously complains that he has no blessings.

If irrational creatures denote such power of enjoyment, surely, oh man !

thy greater, higher capacities, entitle thee to higher gratifications.

Look upon thy finely-formed limbs, thy upright stature, thy yielding joints.

Think upon the noble faculties that distinguish thee from the brute creation.

Reflect upon the tender feelings and affections that glow within thy bosom, and lift thy soul above the herds that graze, and the birds that warble.

Oh! thou wert created for joy; all nature declares it so; every creeping thing, and every tinted flowret, are but incentives to gaiety.

Cheerfulness is the great law of nature.

The poet, drawing his imagery from what he sees, writes of laughing skies, of smiling meads, of joyous warblers.

The infant, unspoiled by discontent, smiles in its mother's arms, and almost its first sound is the crow of joy.

Childhood, untainted by fancied evils, laughs, gaily sporting, and turns even little disasters to sources of mirthful derision.

The boy that falls in the chase, or loses his toy in the stream, pauses not to mourn his trivial hurt, or more trivial loss :

But blithely ridicules his careless awkwardness, or delightedly marks his plaything floating buoyant on the rippling waters.

The man who stumbles in the race of life, or loses the glittering baubles, wealth or titles, stops to lament and to despond.

Tell him his sighs and tears cannot recal the past, cannot restore the good he regrets; he will but sigh and weep the more.

Proud of reason, he acts irrationally.

Endued with the powers of reflection, he scorns to reflect.

Even youth is in this wiser than manhood.

The young man seizes the passing joy, and enjoys the passing pleasure.

He stays not coldly to calculate whether he ought or ought not to profit by the occasions of bliss.

He knows, "that to enjoy is to obey."

He is obedient to the dictates of implanted feeling.

He is happy when he can be so: he knows that innocence is the only bounds that ought to limit his joys.

He continues innocent and is blest.

Even for sorrow there is a balm in nature.

What else can so gently soothe the wounded affections, as the view of her works?

The evening walk beguiles the mourner of other tears than those of grief:

The healing tears of pensive tenderness.



Then the heart springs from nature up to nature's God ; and, as in a sanctified temple, yields itself to prayer and praise.

The glorious cope of Heaven, span-gled with stars, is the high roof of its sanctuary.

The parting clouds, giving short glimpses of clear ether, speak of opening hopes.

The setting sun, sinking in the west, to rise again in radiant splendour, speaks to the full heart the solemn promises of resurrection.

“Thou wilt rise again,” murmurs from the quivering lips ; “and shall thy bright, thy spotless soul expire,” ex-claims the weeping mourner, apostrophising the spirit of its departed blessing.

Perhaps a mother, pining for her lost child, soothed by the hour and softened

by the scene, with tearful joys reiterates,  
“not lost, but gone before!”

Oh! idle complainer at little evils,  
thoughtless murmurer at trivial cares.

Till thou hast known such sorrow as  
lacerates that weeping mother's breast,  
call not thyself afflicted.

There are no sorrows but those of  
final separation; and even for those,  
bitter as they are, the God of Mercy has  
provided consolations.

If such griefs can be consoled, let  
not affliction pronounce itself without  
relief.

If the bereaved mother can taste felicity,  
who shall be insensible to it?

If the bereaved mother can sometimes  
smile, who shall ever rationally sigh?

But few are the real evils of existence.

Numberless the means of consolation  
—of happiness.

## THE PLEASURES OF WINTER.



THE shortened day and clouded sky warn us that Autumn has given place to Winter.

The earth has changed her verdant livery for a snowy mantle; the trees are no longer green with rich foliage, but decked with a white transparent fringe.

Every blade of grass is gemmed with sparkling crystal.

Every withered leaf is bright with glittering diamonds.

The sharp air braces the traveller's limbs.

The hard-frozen path no longer yields  
to the tread of the wanderer.

The full choir of spring is hushed to  
silence.

The summer flowers have faded away.

Autumnal fruits have dropped from  
the waving bough,

No merry sound of reapers floats on  
the breeze.

Why then should the hardy rambler  
issue from his dwelling?

Wherefore not? Is all beauty com-  
prised in summer fruits and flowers?

Is all merriment bounded by the  
reaper's song and blackbird's whistle.

Look around! see the bright family  
of evergreens enlivening the waste.

The shining laurel, the spicy fir, the  
fragrant juniper.

The scarlet berries of the hawthorn  
deck the hedge.

The orange-coloured fruit of the

mountain-ash waves on the topmost bough.

The winter anemone spreads its varied bosom to the chill gale unshrinking.

The elegant laurustinus expands its clustered blossoms uninjured by the storm.

The woodman's stroke breaks the solitude of the leafless wood.

The busy thresher's toil sounds from the wide-doored barn.

Industry yet animates the scene, and gives zest to the winter's ramble.

The plough is slowly passing over the fallow ground.

The hedger is whistling as he pursues his labour.

Short is the wintry day.

But mourn not therefore thy curtailed walks.

Though the sun has briefly closed his diminished circuit, and the lessened twi-

light rapidly yielded to the dark shades of night.

The moon is risen in cloudless majesty.

The purified ether transmits, with radiant lustre, every lunar beam.

Each twinkling star shines with increased resplendence.

The frozen stream glitters in the moon's silvery ray, its sedgy bank irradiated with crystal light.

But the storm raves on the desolated plain, and the crashing forests bend low beneath the driving gale.

The snow falls lightly on turf and tree ;

Or the rain patters on the cottage roof ;

The thunder roars in the distance, and the lightning quivers on the far horizon.

Dark clouds have enveloped the silver planet of night, and every little star is hid as in a shroud,

What matter, if the rambler's walk is checked ?

Who has not a home ?

The dear-cherished resting-place of the affections, as of the limbs.

Who shall complain that he is compelled to change his sensual for intellectual pleasures ?

To resign the selfish stroll, where eye and ear were charmed, for the domestic circle.

Where heart and spirit shall repose.

Oh ! thoughtless murmurer, smooth thy angry brow, unfurl thy pouting lip : call not that a disappointment which is but a change of gratification.

Thou hast lost indeed thy projected walk ;

But thou hast gained many a precious occasion of social communion.

Associates, friends, relations, collect around the hospitable board.

The fire crackles brightly on the hearth.

The clear lamp seems to outvie the brilliance of summer days.

The sparkling goblet passes from hand to hand.

The harmless jest, the merry song, briskly circulate.

The heart of man warms to his fellow man. He feels the full worth of social communion. He feels that he was not born to live alone—a cold and joyless anchorite, but to give and to receive felicity, by all the holy ties of kindred, friendship, love.

Oh ! amidst this flow of genial feeling, when the glowing bosom acknowledges its fellowship to all mankind,

Pause a moment in the career of merriment.

Arrest for an instant the song of jollity.



Pause, and ask, are there no other claims but those of kindred, friendship, love?

Has benevolence no rights upon thy heart?

Hast thou no neighbours?

Say, who is thy neighbour?

Every human being.

Then bethink thee what human beings need thy pity, thy sympathy, thy aid.

If thou unenvyingly sharest the rich man's treasures, shrink not from sharing the poor man's humble festivities.

If thou gaily participate the fortunes of the prosperous, regret not to sympathize in the trials of the unfortunate.

It is thy duty, oh man! to heighten by participation, the joys of thy fellows.

To soften by sympathy the sorrows of thy brethren.

Fulfil both these duties, and, in fulfilling both, be doubly blessed,

For there's a soothing joy in sympathy, that equals, if it does not outvalue, every joy prosperity can share.

Visit the couch of disease, and beguile its languor, or relieve its pain.

Then ask thy heart if it has no approving feeling that overpays the exertion.

Enter the hovel of squalid want, and offer the humble dole or liberal succour.

Clothe the naked, feed the hungry, snatch the oppressed from the grasp of the oppressor, succour the orphan, console the widow :

Then ask thy heart if there is no joy in mercy ; if charity has no reward.

But thou needest not ask, thou needest not pause for a reply.

Thy dancing spirits are beaming in thy eyes.

Thy glowing blood is rushing through thy veins, and suffusing thy brow, thy cheek, with the bright blush of conscious virtue.

There is an eloquent smile upon thy lip that well succeeds the tear so lately dimming thy pitying eye.

These, these proclaim how sweet the emotions attendant on deeds of bounty.

How close the union between social and selfish joy.

That it is better for man to mingle even in scenes of distress, than not to mingle at all with his fellows.

And that the least pleasant social feeling is sweeter than the most prized selfish joy.

These foreign duties closed, want relieved, sorrow soothed, hope inculcated, the stranger clothed and fed,

Turn thee again to thy dwelling, to thy home.

The abode and the circle remain the same.

But how art thou changed!

Thy senses and thy feelings are refined and impulsed.

Every domestic claim presses with freshened interest on thy breast.

The wine is richer to thy taste; the fire burns brighter to thy eye; the air breathes warmer to thy touch.

Whence comes this change?

Thou hast seen sorrow, and now better knowest how to appreciate joy.

Thou hast witnessed want, and can now better feel the worth of abundance.

The still voice of conscience is busy within thee.

It tells thee, thou hast fulfilled thy duty.

It tells thee that thou alone art not blest, but others are blest with thee.

It tells thee, that thou hast diffused bliss, the feeble but active vicegerent of superintending mercy!

Can any season be desolate, cheered by such emotions as these?

Can any period be deemed joyless, so pregnant with festivity?

If then Winter has its pleasures, who can deny that every season of the revolving year has its peculiar joys?

And that from the first day of the opening year to the evening that closes the annual circle, every hour may be marked with felicity.

Consider this, oh man! and be wise. Enjoy, while thou mayest, the good within thy grasp. Be happy in this life. Deserve happiness in the life to come.

## GOOD LUCK AND GOOD CONDUCT.



WEAL or woe is in thy choice, young man!—Thou canst not, indeed, govern the decrees of fate, but thou canst so meet and mould the events assigned to thy lot, as to render them productive of pleasure, or pain.

The stream glides winding through the vale, but who shall deny that its course may be directed?

That its waters may be led through the mead, fertilizing the soil through which it meanders, or urged over barren rocks, impetuously desolating the low lands on which it falls.

So is it in the stream of life.

As the waves are impulsed by a natural law, and will surely flow onwards,

So the current of existence is propelled by strong and secret influence.

Days and hours and minutes will fleet away, even as the waters of the rill; but it is for man to guide every portion of time to good or to evil.

As he makes his choice, shall felicity or pain crown his selection.

Say not that this man is favoured above his fellows, or that man depressed below his associates; but remember "time and chance happen to all men," and he only is blest who profits by the occasions allotted him;

Who turns every event to the great purposes of virtue and happiness.

Let the tale of the moralist illustrate this truth, and press it with increased strength on thy heart, young man!

Listen to the narrative with fixed attention, nor only listen, reflect upon the moral it inculcates, and transplant into thy mind every useful hint it suggests.

So shall thy life be amended by thy learning.

So shall the labours of the narrater be richly overpaid.

The lambs that frolic on the green pastures were not more blithesome; the blossoms that blush on the spray were not more lovely; the snow scattered on the mountain top was not more pure, than Florio at his birth.

Health bloomed upon his cheek,  
Hope danced in his bright blue eye.

His lips dimpled with ready smiles and his polished brow was unfurrowed by the wrinkles of anxiety or of discontent.

He was a humble shepherd's son, but the neighbouring swains called him "the child of fortune," for a wealthy lordling



bore him from his natal cot and reared him as the heir of princely wealth.

Florio grew and flourished.

His vigorous limbs rapidly expanded into manly grace ; his countenance was bright and lovely.

Disease had never paled the rose upon his cheek, nor once dimmed with a tear the lustre of his sparkling eye.

Plenty satiated his appetite ; luxurious wines quenched his thirst ; amusement beguiled his leisure.

Tutors and friends bade him be temperate in the indulgence of his wishes, and warned him that age is contemptible, if youth is not studious ; that age is premature, if youth is luxurious.

But the child of fortune scorned the advice of friends and tutors.

His robust frame had so long repelled every attack of sickness, that he believed it would always be so ; that he was in-

vulnerable to the ills less favoured mortals endure.

The knowledge of childhood had sufficed for the duties of childhood.

Florio insisted that such knowledge was sufficient for the duties of manhood.

Resolute in idleness, he lost the opportunities for information, and was a youth, in years and in figure, when he was a boy in mind.

But neighbours and acquaintance exclaimed, that "the child of fortune" seemed to prosper, however contrarily to right he steered his course.

He laughed, and said so too : but he thought not as he said.

For even then his heart acknowledged, in secret, "an aching void."

He was weary of indolence, yet unfitted for exertion.

He was ashamed of ignorance, yet feared to encounter the difficulties of study.

His gorgeous vest, clothed a bosom,  
heaving with more sighs of regret than  
flutters of anticipation.

For what had he to anticipate?

Alas! he would reply, the same dull  
round of unbroken prosperity,

Of luxury unenjoyed,

Of leisure unimproved.

But “the child of fortune,” at this  
moment of despondency, met with a  
fresh instance of his favoured fate.

A blooming virgin, fair as the houris  
and sportive as the graces, was enraptured  
by his charms.

Her wealthy parents, preferring her  
wishes to their own, overlooked the  
disparity of birth, and gave their gentle  
Euphrosyne to the loved and fortune-  
favoured Florio.

Now then was he at the summit of  
all bliss.

A beauteous wife, a lordly revenue,  
friends, rank, power.

An act of wild imprudence had nearly wrecked this smiling fate.

Florio, assured of success, (for he had never known discomfiture) rashly hazarded his wealth at the shrine of chance.

One moment would have made him a beggar,

But his bright star predominated.

One moment doubled his already princely wealth.

His extravagance now knew no bounds, and his excesses were unlimited.

But his patron died, and left to Florio his large domains only on condition that his wife bore a son to inherit the splendid bequest.

Short was the period of the favoured Florio's doubts.

The fair Euphrosyne gave birth to

twin boys, as if fate, by this double gift, was willing to place him beyond the reach of misadventure.

But, immersed in pleasure, Florio watched not the pupilage of his young sons.

They were enfeebled by luxurious indulgence.

Florio neglected the fair Euphrosyne. Other suitors warmly wooed her love. She forgot the faith she had plighted, and, in a moment of indignant feeling at the licentious excesses of her husband, fled from his roof and sheltered herself with a kinder lover.

Florio raved at the guilt his crimes had caused, cursed the fate his follies had incurred, and challenged his dishonourer.

They fought.—Florio with his accustomed fortune escaped the fray, but his antagonist was killed; and the victor

felt that the blood of man weighs heavy on the murderer's heart.

He rushed deeper into every species of indulgence, to charm away, if possible, the sense of guilt—to elude the whispers of conscience.

He drank deeply and ate luxuriously, and his health declined.

He gambled high, and his wealth diminished.

His sons grew up to manhood. One, virtuous and gentle, but enfeebled by mismanagement, died.

The other, arrogant and self-willed, lived, and, by his life, secured his father's possessions; but, by his conduct, destroyed his father's happiness.

He seized with unfeeling avidity on whatever the will of the deceased patron had left at his mercy.

The residue was ingulphed by the prodigality of Florio. A small sum re-

mained ; he hastened with it to the gaming table.

Let not the most fortunate expect uninterrupted success.

The wheel will turn round, and those now at the zenith may, in a moment, be whirled down to the nadir.

Wisely, then, let mortals use the moments of prosperity, thankful that they *have* occurred, assured that they will not always occur.

Florio lost his pittance.

See you that old man ; old rather in infirmities than in years, with threadbare coat and hobbling gait, stealing along dark alleys, and creeping into that beggarly abode ?

It is Florio—the once lovely, wealthy, graceful Florio.

Even now fortunate, he subsists upon the donations of liberal strangers.

But, young man, let his history warn

you not to depend on fortune. She is changeable: depend only on thy own exertions.

Be active, be industrious, be persevering; and a greater power than chance shall befriend you—God shall befriend you.



## GOOD LUCK AND GOOD CONDUCT.

(CONTINUED.)



THE father of Florio had a second son, but the gossips called him the luckless Albert.

His mother died at his birth, and the feeble babe was nourished at a stranger's bosom; a stranger watched its infant pillow and hushed its infant plaints.

But ah! not with a mother's love, not with a mother's watchful tenderness, not with a mother's unwearied patience.

It cannot be—what hireling can supply maternal love with maternal nourishment?

The latter can indeed be purchased, but what wealth can purchase love ?

The little Albert was cleanly clothed and fed, but his baby plainings met no kind sympathy; his feeble cries were often checked by blows and loud re-proofs.

Think upon this, ye mothers, and ere ye resign to strangers hands the infant nourished in your womb, the infant for whose use the milky fluid, perhaps, even now rushes through your bosom,

Oh ! think what ills its tiny frame may suffer, what pangs its timid heart may endure from vulgar roughness and from low-bred ignorance !

The luckless Albert, early inured to control his little griefs, to silence his first plaints, became patient under unkindness, and resigned under neglect ;

He soon learnt to be independent of another's aid,

He ran, he leapt, he danced, he became strong and vigorous, cheerful and contented.

But the neighbours again remarked the ill star beneath which he was born.

In blooming boyhood he was seized by the disease so fatal to human beauty, too often to human life.

Unattended by a mother's vigilant eye and ever gentle hand, the suffering child endured the disorder in its severest form.

For many days he lay in darkness, and when at length blindness departed from him, his eyes could scarcely recognize himself.

Every lineament of beauty had passed away.

Scars deformed his cheek and every feature was disfigured.

But little accustomed to think highly of himself, he bore this disaster with more than calmness, with serenity ;

And when his young companions ridiculed his altered countenance, he laughed as gaily as the merriest there, and owned their strictures just, with such an air of mirth, with such a glance of artless sportiveness, that many a passer-by stopped to gaze upon the blithesome boy, and ask themselves if any face could be deemed unlovely, irradiated by such an eye, enlivened by such a smile.

Albert, grown into strength, now became his father's friend, companion, assistant, and felt the joys those dear ties elicited, a rich counterpoise for all his brother's worldly goods.

How sweet was to him the hour of rest, for it followed the hour of labour, and labour only can endear repose !

How relishing was to him the simple meal, for hunger gave zest to each morsel, a zest which the luxurious vainly seek to enjoy !

And when his associates told him of his favoured brother's lands, and dignities, and riches; "I envy him not," he would say, "may he but value his possessions as dearly as I prize my friends, my father, my independence."

There were who heard young Albert's words, that perhaps deemed his portion worthiest.

But the child of disaster was again wounded by fate.

His friend, his companion, his counsellor, all these dear and valued names in one,

His father died.

The loss was to him most severe; to his brother, the event was inconsequential.

Yet had each youth generated in himself the feeling that made the event painful or bearable.

Florio had treated his father with a pride, a coldness, a neglect, that now,

like accusing spirits, rose up to haunt remembrance.

He mourned, not because he felt no change by his father's death;

But he writhed beneath the undying sting of recollected filial unkindness.

For *his* sorrow there was no cure.

Albert had been, to his lost parent, the obedient, the affectionate, the assisting child.

These exerted emotions, like ministering angels, softened the bitterness of his sorrow, and whispered peace to his soul.

He had indeed lost his father, but he had, to the last moment of his existence, deserved and received that father's love.

*There is but one natural evil that clouds existence :*

The loss of those we love by death.

And as all natural events are ordained by infinite mercy, joined to infinite power,

This natural evil has its consolations.

Albert found it so, when bedewing his father's grave with his tears, the retrospection of his acts of duty and affection, mingling with the trembling hopes of reunion in another world, calmed his agitated mind, and soothed his soul to peace.

Florio had himself embittered his joys.

Albert had created for himself the power to soften his griefs.

When time and reflection and devotion had dissipated his sorrow, and only a pleasing melancholy remained, the heart of the young man opened to a softer passion.

He loved the gay and beauteous Flora.

But she was rich and he was poor.

He long sighed in secret, nor ever dared to tell his love; but she had learnt the secret from his tell-tale eyes, and the neighbours laughed at the luck-

less Albert, when the beauteous Flora wedded a wealthier suitor.

It was Albert's turn to laugh, when the careless profusion of the beauteous Flora made her husband a beggar and her children pennyless.

But Albert did not laugh; he only blessed his luckless fate, and shared his earnings with the beggared family of the once gay Flora.

But whilst Albert loved one beauteous virgin, he was himself "the secret sigh" of another.

Jessy was not lovely,

Jessy was not rich,

Jessy was not titled.

She was the daughter of a humble peasant.

She was homely in feature, but lovely in expression; she was poor in wealth but rich in virtue.

She was without any other dignity but that of wisdom.



Albert had long known her worth, the luckless hour that tore from him the beauteous Flora, discovered to him the chaste attachment of the virtuous Jessy.

When she heard his pensive regrets, she blushed forth the secret of her hidden flame.

The settlements of the poor are soon arranged.

Jessy had no dowry but her virtue.

Let married lordlings own how vast the worth of such a dowry.

Albert had no other wealth to bestow but his affections.

Let wedded dames declare what wealth more precious.

They married—and each felt a new incentive to exertion ;

For each had now a friend whose happiness was in their keeping, whose approbation would repay activity.

The husband improved upon the lover,

and he, in his turn, exclaimed: "How much the wife was dearer than the bride!"

Their little ones, reared beneath their eye, repaid care by their attachment, and rewarded industry by their merit.

Mischances, however, still crossed the fate of Albert.

But he had some blessings, of which no event in life could bereave him:

The peace of a well-ordered mind,

A heart disposed to cheerfulness and content.

Added to which, the smiles of his faithful wife, and the endearments of his attached offspring, made amends for every passing trouble.

See you that vigorous old man, old in years, but not infirmities, with sparkling eye and ruddy cheek, seated at yon cottage door?

His children are gathered around him, and the wife of his bosom is at his side.

It is Albert, the sickly, motherless, despised Albert. Young man! behold in him the effects of virtuous perseverance against the discomfitures of fortune.

Be advised: it is not chance that rules events.

“ Effects to causes are proportionate,

“ And natural ends by natural means achieved.”

## THE PLEASURES OF ART.



WHY art thou sad, young man; and wherefore have the smiles of gaiety given place to the frowns of discontent?

Art thou weary of indolence?

Rouse thee; and seek mirth, with activity, on the mountain's brow.

The exercise shall brace thy body, as the view of nature shall refresh thy mind.

Still mournful ! Hast thou exhausted Nature, or have her beauties lost their power to charm ?

The grey-headed ancient who, from

earliest boyhood to the latest hours of the longest life, busied every moment in searching for the novelties and graces of nature, could but have viewed the hundredth part of her inexhaustible store.

Then how canst thou have exhausted her wonders ?

But it is not so. Thou hast not exhausted Nature, thou hast lost thy relish for her attractions. Thou pantest for change ; thou desirest variety.

Then shut out the cheerful landscape ; close thy eyes upon woods, and fields, and flowers.

No longer listen to the gurgling rill, that woos thee to repose on its mossy banks.

Be deaf to the songs of the feathered choristers.

Scent not the fragrance of the wild rose, nor press the juicy fruit to thy lip.

Heed not the rich tints of the wander-

ing butterfly, nor the glowing plumage  
of the darting halcyon.

Gaze no more upon the finely-formed  
limbs of the graceful steed.

Watch no more the sportive frolics of  
the bounding squirrel.

Look not on heaven nor on earth.

Nor on the starry expanse, nor the  
undulating soil.

Let the moon shine, in silent majesty,  
unseen, unnoted.

Let the glorious sun rise and set, un-  
beheld and unadmired.

Let the sea swell its waves, in calms  
and storms, unheeded.

Yet, though shut out from all these  
joy-inspiring objects, be not sad, young  
man!

Other sources of merriment shall chase  
the frowns of discontent with the smiles  
of gaiety.

When nature fails to please, art shall  
essay to gratify.

Bid the merry tabret sound, and the  
pipe its tones awake.

Tune to mirthful airs the harp, and let  
the viol's strings resound.

Then, to the featful measure, lead the  
light-footed fair.

In the mazes of the dance, see the  
graceful virgin move.

Now in slow and swimming motion,  
Now in quick and airy measure.

While attending youths and maidens,  
in each varying movement join.

Is there no joy in such a scene and  
such an hour ?

Be it the smooth green turf, lighted  
by heaven's own ever-living lamp, and  
overroofed by pure celestial ether.

Or be it the tasteful hall, illuminated  
by blazing lamps, and crystal chande-  
liers, sparkling in the rays they bear.

The smooth ceiling, snowy white, or

pictured with storied forms, in brilliant hues and graceful groups.

The melody of many instruments floating on the gale, or borne upon the perfumed air, combining to produce one rich, harmonious strain.

The cheek of beauty flushing with a deeper glow, as the healthful exercise urges the blood with quicker impulse; or the whispered tale of love and admiration, from the favoured lover, paints with a livelier blush the conscious face.

The sparkling eye, irradiated with the thought of well-earned praise, catching the murmured sound of circling plaudits, and brightening into clearer lustre.

Or if the soft blue orbs are downwards cast, in meek retiring modesty,

Even then most lovely to the observer's thought, whose fancy paints them loveliest most when most retiring,



The charm of tasteful decoration, in dress and garniture, adds splendour and interest to the scene.

The heart, respondent to the tones of melody, and the steps of grace, glows with kindest feelings.

Social mirth and social glee burst from the lips in the harmless jest.

The smile contagious flies around the circle, spreading as it flies.

As the stone, flung into the smooth surface of the water, dimples with airy and increasing rings its yielding surface.

Oh, true! joy is infectious, and generates itself, even as sorrow does.

Then check the sigh, if not to save thyself, to save thy associate even a momentary care.

Then indulge the smile, if not to glad thyself, to cheer thy comrade even with a transitory glee.

But the dance has tired, or thou dost not love the active movement.

Yet be not grave—other pleasures are within thy grasp—more sober, haply more refined.

“ Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast.”

If then with rage, with melancholy, or with dullness overcome,

Yield to the strains of melody thy ear, and through that avenue thy bosom shall be calmed to peace.

The stormy passions lulled,

The mourning affections soothed,

The wearied senses cheered.

Whether the human voice, breathed through the flute, or winding horn, in dying strains enchant, in loud and rapid tones arouse ;

Whether the well-filled orchestra give the full harmonious symphony ;

Or whether, with mellifluous sounds

the song, warbled by the solitary songstress, falls sweet upon the listening ear.

But the occasion does not offer thee so rich a treat.

Thou art alone, and distant from the haunts of social harmony.

Then let the harp, touched by thy finger, wing the lonely hour ;

Or the soft flute, pressed to thy lips, “ discourse most eloquent music ;”

Or bid thy touch awaken the simple melody of the wild guitar.

But thou hast no skill to waken the chords of harmony ;

Yet art thou not therefore skillless.

Thy pencil can teach the smooth parchment, or snowy paper, to glow with various forms of beauty.

Thy hand can tint the canvas with every hue and every object.

The wreathed flowers, blushing in blooming garlands ;

The rich landscape, studded with  
woods and mountains;

The tower, the ruin, the grove-em-  
bosomed village;

The human form, and human face  
divine, breathing with every passion that  
can deform, or that can dignify its linea-  
ments;

The tender look of love,

The wild expression of despair,

The manly aspect of the valorous  
hero,

The pensive thoughtfulness of the  
calm sage.

If these high efforts of the art are to  
thee unattainable,

Thy eye, perchance, can scan their  
worth,

Thy taste discover and enjoy their  
view;

Whilst humbler essays shall, with as  
beguiling power, give thy leisure wings.

For how overrated are all selfish labours !

How delightedly the eye expatiates on what its kindred hand produces !

All blemishes disappear, or are noted with such candid criticism, that almost they are deemed perfections.

Therefore, however humble thy powers, young man, such as they are, they are sufficient for thy rational and pleasurable occupation.

In this, acknowledge the mercy of superintending Providence,

That fits his creatures to the station allotted them, and renders the lowly-gifted as blessed, in their limited capacities, as the wisest and the most refined.

Above all, laud the goodness that gives to man such variety of employments, such variety of powers of enjoyment.

Eye, ear, voice, each bestows a separate pleasure.

Every sense is productive of some gratification, is tributary to yield felicity.

Even the breath, by which we live, is an organ of delight; for, as we inhale the air that sustains existence, we at the same time inhale a fragrance that gives zest to it.

Thus is the most common and necessary act of life conducive to its pleasurable enjoyment: all then surely is felicity.

## THE PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.



It is the temper of the mind in which we meet events, that renders them painful or pleasurable,

As it is the medium through which the eye beholds objects that renders them agreeable or disagreeable.

Look at the loveliest landscape through a dark-coloured glass, and how sombre every part of the scene appears!

But view it through the mean of a clear and lively tint, and how gay and lovely every spot shines forth!

Thus then we often make the vexation we endure.

We fancy, or we create, the evils we deplore.

How carefully then ought we, in early youth, to form our temper, to relish blessings, and to soften cares!

Conrad and Hubert were twin-brothers.

Both were born with healthy minds and merry hearts;

Both had the same means of improvement;

And both the same powers and the same occasions for happiness.

Then both were equally wise and equally happy.

Not so—Conrad would not believe that it greatly depended on himself, to produce the capacity of enjoyment.

What mattered it then, that he was surrounded with opportunities of gratification,

If in himself was wanting the will to be pleased?



Hubert was always disposed to be happy; what wonder then that he was always blessed!

Nor that alone—the sight of joy is a source of joy to the beholder:

So Hubert's contentment was not only a blessing to himself, but conferred bliss on all who beheld him.

Had these two boys each a nosegay of the loveliest flowers, roses, woodbines, pinks;

Hubert, with delighted senses, inhaled their fragrance, and surveyed their beauteous forms and colours; wreathed them into garlands for his playmates, or clustered them, to deck the chamber of his mother:

Thus pleasing himself and pleasing others,

Tasting not alone the charms of natural beauty, but the mental treat of generous liberality;

And drawing to himself that most precious gift, the gratitude of those he loved.

Conrad too received his nosegay, his senses were sensible to its beauty, his heart alive to the gratification of bestowing.

But he lost the occasion of good before him.

He scattered far and wide the blooming wreath, because the roses had thorns, and the stem of the woodbine was clammy to his touch.

Because one pink nodded on a broken stalk, and a worm had defiled one leaf.

As pettishly he removed the mossy spines, now with hurried, now with sluggish hand, as anger, or sullenness prevailed, the flowers withered in his grasp.

This chance of good was gone!

A basket of fruit was given to each of the brothers.

Conrad's eye instantly fixed on the few unripe cherries and slug-eaten strawberries, that accidentally mingled in the collection.

"It is so always, the worst is always allotted to me."

Hubert smilingly exchanged his portion for his brother's.

Still was Conrad sullen.

He overlooked the ripe and perfect fruit, to repine at the one or two immature or injured, that here and there appeared.

Complaining of these, he lost his relish for the richer portion, and sighing as he ate, the sourness of his mind gave sourness to his taste, and not one mouthful was truly enjoyed.

Hubert's eye darted as quickly on the welcome gift.

But it was to discover the *best* portion.

He eagerly selected the ruddiest cherry, and the finest-flavoured strawberries.

Some of these he ate with the most delighted relish, some he bestowed on his comrades.

Even the unripe clusters he turned to pleasurable account ; he gave them to his brother's parrot, which joyously received the delicate morsels.

Then gaily laughed Hubert at the antics of the delighted bird.

Thus the sourest berry yielded more pleasure to Hubert than the sweetest did to Conrad.

“ Here are new playthings for you, boys ; Conrad, take the first choice.”

Conrad looked and relooked over the tempting collection.

Hubert stood patient and smiling to receive what his brother disdained.

But Conrad was not soon resolved on the selection.

“Whatever he left, his brother must possess.”

This thought embittered all exultation of being the first to chuse; why could he not have all?

At length the choice was made, Conrad bore off whatever he deemed the best.

But unwilling to participate his amusement with any of his companions, they were little worth.

Conrad found that there is no joy in selfishness.

Conrad felt, that to share pleasure, is to double it.

Hubert gratefully seized the toys his brother left.

They were not those he would have preferred, but still he knew they would amuse him and his friends.

He flew to them with his burden, with shouts of applause he was received, and mirth and pleasure resounded from every corner.

From no place more heartily than from the generous bosom of Hubert.

At night the brothers placed their treasures in an outhouse; the building was by accident burnt down in the course of that night.

Both the boys sighed at their loss.

But Hubert remembered that he had enjoyed his toys, and that it was better to think of new amusements than to embitter time by lamenting the destruction of those which no tears could restore.

He set about fresh frolics, and was again blithesome.

Conrad refused all comfort, and wept unceasingly, at the loss of those playthings, which, when he possessed, he would not enjoy.

He was discontented with them, and without them miserable.

The boys grew up to manhood, and finer young men are seldom seen.

Their features were both handsome, but there was a gaiety in Hubert's eye, that gave his face an inexpressible charm, that made most people fancy him the handsomest of the two.

There was a frown on Conrad's brow, that early wrinkled his otherwise polished forehead and gave his countenance a gloom that made beholders pronounce him, far from handsome.

He prospered in the world, grew rich, and eminent.

A famed professor, whose wealth and abilities were equally conspicuous.

The general tenor of his life was fortunate; health, fortune, friends, blessed his days.

But small ailments, trivial cares occasionally intervened.

Unluckily Conrad had always accustomed himself to dwell on the slightest evil.

More unluckily he had not accustomed himself to value great advantages, to enjoy important blessings, to profit by passing benefits.

What should we think of the Rambler, who, in walking through a beautiful country, with a refreshing air blowing around him, and vigorous limbs, fitted to endure the exercise, would, every moment, take his eyes from the glorious landscape, to detect the little weeds that



peeped from among the luxuriant flowers that edged his path?

Who would every instant check his healthful and invigorating ramble, to repine at the few stones that lay scattered on the otherwise smooth road?

We should think him either senseless, or, being sensible, most ungrateful.

What then shall we say to him, who, in the more important walk—the walk of life—is wilfully blind and negligent to the general course of good that attends him, tenaciously points out and repines at the trifling cares that casually occur?

Yet, let us remember, that he who nourishes in himself discontent at trivial vexations, is preparing himself to be dissatisfied at whatever may be his fate.

Hubert, the contented boy, fitted himself to be the contented man.

Whatever happened, he was cheerful, or, at least, resigned.

He preferred cheerfulness to gloom ; and who does not ?

But Hubert did more than prefer, he nourished gaiety and banished melancholy.

At small cares he laughed, and often vowed there was but one sorrow that ought to affect a rational creature—the death of friends and loved relations.

Such, indeed, is a legitimate source of sorrow.

And he, who tenderest mourns the broken links of love, is fitted best to taste the joys affection gives.

And oh ! what purer founts of happiness than love and friendship !

He who boasts one generous bosom, interested in his fate and sharing in his feelings, is rich beyond the wealth of

kings ; for he has a hoard of secret, imperishable, inexhaustible felicity!

May it be said, he has a counterpoise for all the trials and calamities of life?

There is, indeed, one more cause for reasonable grief, but Hubert did not know it.

Conrad, in this was better learned than his brother, for he hourly felt the pangs of remorse.

The goads of conscience for sins of commission and omission.

Unkind, illiberal deeds performed, occasions of enjoyment thrown away.

But of this latter source of grief, man cannot complain, as the dispensation of Heaven;

For it is in the free choice of man to incur or to shun it.

And wherefore does pain follow error?

Wherefore, but to deter from its commission?

Wherefore, but in mercy to warn man of his failing, and, like a friendly monitor, check him in a guilty career?

As the ring of Syndoric, the genius, pressed the finger of Amurath, to admonish him when he erred,

So does conscience kindly caution us when we sin.

Not even is the pain endured by those who mourn over the grave of departed worth without its use and without its balm.

It is the ordination of Providence, that the heart should lament the dissolution of kindred and associates.

And what ordination of Providence but has its service and its solace?

Oh! ask the agonized widow lamenting the death of her loved spouse!

Ask the tortured mother weeping over her dying child!

Ask the mourning friend hanging over the tomb of his lost companion!

Ask these, if there is no benefit, no consolation arising to them in the midst of their woe.

Oh! they will check their complaints, to tell you, that there are both benefit and consolation.

That the passage to the grave, otherwise so dreaded, is to them smoothed and sloped.

That death is now no longer terrible to them,

Since not only life has lost a tie,

But dissolution holds out the blessed hope of a reunion in a better world with those so exquisitely prized in this!

## THE PLEASURES OF MATERNAL LOVE.

“Such was our child,”—JOHN SCOTT.



Ask you, what are a mother's joys?

Oh! read them in a mother's sorrows.  
Read them in the tale that tells you, how-  
ever exquisite the pangs of maternal woe,  
no one, who has been a mother, would  
have lost the dear delight, whatever  
pangs ensue.

Behold yon mourner bending over  
the grave of her dead child.

Think you she rues the hour that  
child was born, because his early death  
now racks her bosom with unutterable  
woe?

Ah, no! intense, incurable as is her agony, she will tell you, she would not but have given him to the light for all the bliss this world can offer.

Was not his birth a joy? A joy how precious, mothers only know.

Was not his life, short as it proved, her mine of happiness?

Each stage, from infancy to boyhood; but diversified occasions of maternal joy.

Was not his life innocent and gay; as such, happy to himself, and to others dispensing happiness!

Was he not—oh, blessed hope!—is he not immortal? a spirit gifted to endure for ever.

As such, now blessed and rejoicing, though his mother mourns.

And shall she, can she, impiously deem her present anguish overbalancing this train of good?

He gave her no sorrow—till he died.

For him to die was easy.

The anguish hers alone.

For he smiled, even to the moment of departing life—even to that moment every look he gave, each word he spoke, denoted a joyous mind; and with so brief and mild a struggle passed away his spirit, that even a mother's ear could sustain to listen to the moan.

Oh! not the most precious joys of earth, not even the avoidance of the deep and ceaseless agony she now endures, could, for a moment, force her heart to wish that he had never been!

He was her pride, her joy, her dearest wealth.

His existence, her fountain of delight, whence flowed whatever of most good or gay, endeared her hours.

His smile, how potent to dispel her cares!



His wit, how powerful to beguile her into mirth!

Thus, though she mourns his early dissolution, though she weeps over the wreck of her sweet source of comfort,

She yet lauds the mercy that gave him to her; that, for a while, enriched her with a gift so precious.

Nor, in her bitterest agony, does she for a moment arraign the decree that tore him from her trembling, powerless arms.

Powerless to save, from death, what most she prized.

She presumes not to fathom the depths of Eternal Wisdom, but humbly adores, and unquestioning resigns.

To mourn—is not to murmur;

To sorrow—is not to complain.

Rather let her speak of all the good enjoyed, and be gratitude—not repining—her theme.

List!—and she will tell you of all her joys.

The exquisitely-blissful moment, when her ear first caught her new-born infant's cry.

That feeble, fluttering sound; that tells a mother all her pangs are past, her pleasures are begun;

That marks the moment when corporeal sufferings cease, and intellectual bliss commences.

How did her eye, enchanted, gaze upon the tiny form a father's arms bore to her pillow!

The eye, the lip, the cheek, impressed with eager kisses of unutterable thankfulness.

The little hands, the flexile fingers, fondly marked and grasped.

Then, dearest joy of all, the nursling held to the maternal bosom, the nursling *felt* to draw from thence its liquid food.

If woman's life has one bliss pre-eminent, superior to all that man can ever know,

It is the moment when she feels her infant nestling to her breast.

Its eye upturned, in pleased, unconscious gaze,

“Earth and earthborn *cares* are then forgotten quite.”

The gentle action seems to draw away all sorrow, anger, and each unkindly feeling, that may be harboured there.

Every wild emotion, as by a charm, is lulled to peace.

Outward vexations have no power to enter; for as a shield, to guard the breast to which it clings, the baby seems to interpose its tender form.

Dear delight! cheaply purchased by days, and weeks, and months, of previous suffering.

Never counterpoised by days, and weeks, and months, of after wretchedness !

How greatly then the balance in the most afflicted mother's favour, when, to this precious blessing, so many more conjoin !

For soon the upturned eye no longer gazes with unconscious vision.

The mother sees herself recognized by her crowing child.

His glance returns her glance,

His smile, her smile.

He knows her voice, watches her step, springs to her embrace.

From among many, he selects his mother, bounds into her opened arms, hushes his plaints in her bosom.

Peeps up, to smile at her call ;

Gives sign that love is kindling in his bosom.

Another and another joy now follows.

Passing months but mark new delights.

The weak, tottering step, gradually strengthening into force and swiftness.

First, cautiously depending on the guiding finger, till bolder grown, the laughing cherub gaily bounds away ; and, like the sportive fawn, incessant frolics round the parent step.

Soon a dearer bliss succeeds,

The mother's name lisped in baby accents.

The half expressed desire ;

The coaxing prayer, urged more by eloquence of looks than words ;

A language none but mothers can interpret.

How sweet to watch the eager glance,

the flushing cheek, the earnestly-enforced, but half expressed, petition.

Nature's eloquence, speaking direct and powerful to the human soul !

Is there, however cold, however stern, that can resist the prayer of baby earnestness, enforced by baby grace ?

Not a mother !

Thus, as each separate sense, each different faculty, awakes to action, differing pleasures bless maternal love.

The awakening senses, the power of language, the early feeble pace, yield pleasures every mother knows.

And these, most exquisitely, did Edwin's parent feel.

But she had other joys, as dearer far, as worthier ;

More precious, as more noble.

The first expansion of a gifted mind,

The early dawnings of a virtuous soul.

When every sense was but the vehicle  
by which the enlightened powers within,  
gave signal of their bursting into action.

When every word and movement was  
but the expression of internal worth.

The soft blue eye, now sparkling with  
intelligence ;

Now lighted with the brilliant ray of  
wit.

The lip dimpled with smiles of sweet  
beguiling love.

The cheek paled with compassion, or  
radiant with the noble glow of indigna-  
tion.

Ah ! never bounded a gayer step,  
never dimpled a lovelier lip, never  
sparkled a brighter eye.

'That these have been, have blest, and  
have been blest, be now the theme.

Nor let the aching thought wander to the cold grave, where the worm now riots on the cheek, the lip, the frame, so lately blooming in grace and beauty.

When weeks had seen the loved and cherished form entombed in the chill damp earth.

A wild, a cheering, an agonizing thought, came o'er the mother's mind.

Her child was not all gone,

She yet could clasp him to her bosom, yet could tear asunder the searments of the tomb and fold his withering body in her arms.

There was solace in the thought that something of him yet remained within her reach.

Yet agony was mixed in the conviction, that even this, this shattered wreck of her loved child would shortly pass



away, and no earthly memorial of him survive, save the grey stone that marks his resting place;

Save the plain tablet that records his name.

Yes, every memento shall be lost, the mourning garb, each outward form of woe.

And only in his mother's breast deep graven rest, indelible thoughts, of looks, and words, and tones, and gestures past.

His bounding step,

His mirth inspiring laugh,

His native wit, attempered by his native sweetness.

His toys, his books, his favourite shrubs and flowers, yet are seen.

These inanimate, survive, and press upon his bleeding mother's heart, the fatal truth, that he is gone.

That he no more shall bound along  
that spreading lawn, no longer peep  
within the casement, with joyous glance,  
inspiring cheerfulness.

He no more shall, in the chimney  
nook, pore o'er the favourite tale.

No more shall lash his top, his hoop,  
or ply his busy fingers to amend the  
broken toy.

Breaking or mending both to him  
alike, pregnant of pleasure.

No more with cheering shout shall he  
call around his playmates, to share with  
him the cake, or sweetmeat.

Still bloom his favourite shrubs and  
flowers.

And is his soul extinct ?

Poor mourner ! bid thy spirit draw  
some comfort from the lesson these in-  
spire.

Shall flowers revive, and the pure human soul expire?

It cannot be!

Lead thy fluttering thoughts to the only channel that can conduct to peace.

Think on another world.

That thou art journeying thither.

And though to share his bliss is beyond thy meed,

To behold it may be granted to thy prayer.

Calmed by this hope, again bid memory fly back on days long past, when Edwin lived.

When Edwin lived, knew she sorrow then? Was there then aught to make her sigh?

Impossible! his being, his presence, must have been a counterpoize for every worldly care, for every worldly sorrow.

Surely there are no woes but those which death inflicts.

She thinks so now.

Thought she so then?

When real *misery* weighed not on her heart, yielded she not lightly to the pressure of *small* cares?

Bethink thee, mourner! the present will, in its turn, be the past.

Bethink thee, time in its silent flight may further rob thee, may yet more lessen thy hoard of good.

Then wake, arouse, enjoy each blessing yet thy own.

Whilst thou canst call it thine, and for "him gone before,"—

Let memory supply reality, and give him often to thy thought, when now no longer given to thine eye.

Think upon all his virtues, all his ta-

lents, his blameless, happy life, his calm and sheltered death.

And then bless God for all thou hast enjoyed.

“Not fate itself upon the past has power.”

“But what has been, has been.”

And thou hast had thy joys.

Let every spot around thee be cheered, not gloomed, by his remembrance.

Unite his image to each scene, each object; thus shall he live again to thee, even in this life.

Recal him sporting on the smooth shaven green, each tender blade of grass rising from beneath his airy tread, even as his buoyant heart arose superior from the light pressure of its little cares.

Recal him bounding to his mother's side, and transfusing into her breast the mirth that swelled his own.

Recal him beguiling her sick chamber of all its gloom, by the kind glance of love with which he asked her ailment, and expressed his artless sympathy.

However racked by pain, however weakened by disease, maternal pride, maternal gratitude, triumphed over pain and sickness, and amid suffering, heaven was blest in thankfulness for such a son.

A son, who, even in early boyhood, would quit his toys, his books, to visit his sick mother; watch her pillow, and minister to her wants.

Cheaply was such transport purchased, at the price of sternest suffering.

And such transport has been hers.

Her solace in distress.

The heightener of her joys.—

Oft has that careless, untaught boy,

with ready native wit, drawn many a smile from the wise, the grave, the learned, of manhood.

Instruct his brothers in his presence, and behold him catching, with quick, yet with tenacious, memory, each maxim given.

Instruct—alas! no longer speak we of the present, of what *is*; of the past, of what has been, is all now left us to record.

'To record of him, who often joyously declared, "I am always happy."

Oh! let a mother's trembling hopes, a mother's faith, presume that this, this alone, is not of the past.

That to be happy, as it was, is now his lot.

And since the view of that felicity in life ensured her peace, let the know-

ledge of it, now in death, procure her consolation.

There, where the river winds its rapid current, washing the foot of yon precipitous and wooded hill, on whose open summit, the venerable fane lifts its time-worn tower. Even at the base of that grey tower, where the pure dewes of heaven fall untainted on the turf below.

There, where no sounds of riot and contention float upon the breeze, he lies.

The turf swells soft and verdant on his breast.

The merry tones of childhood alone are heard; the sportive steps of childhood alone invade; tones innocent and mirthful; and from forms as young and fair as his over whose grave they pass.

So lightsome did he often pace the very sod 'neath which he rests.



Around that spot often shall his mother's thoughts wander.

Her eye guided by that sacred tower, her heart reposing on the dust below.

There, at eve and earliest morn, shall she shed the sweet and bitter tears of memory.

Or distant, gazing on the spot, yield her full soul to the mournful, yet soothing, tide of recollection,

Of what has been, of what will never be again.

Even in absence shall that hallowed spot, with all its lovely scenery, enchain her thought.

The rapid stream, the wooded hill, the time-worn tower; and oh! above all, the lowly grave, shall live in her remembrance.

It shall be the future resting place of all her worthiest meditation, and where-

soever her train of contemplation shall begin, there shall it ever end.

Amid the gayest hours of life (if life to her can evermore be gay), that swelling sod and simple stone shall in fancy live, and temper the flow of mirth.

Amid the dreariest scenes, or most untoward circumstances, the imagined view of that calm, peaceful resting place of her lost, loved child, shall draw her mind from sorrow and from discontent, and fill it with holy and with gentle aspirations.

She blesses Heaven that he gave him to her. She thanks God for the tranquillizing thoughts his mercy has transfused into her soul.

All good comes from heaven.

All evil springs from earth.

The natural effect of natural causes.

Human errors, human mistakes, human ignorance.

Even these evils are softened by that heavenly interposition which, when it does not bless, is prompt to pity and console.

Yet a little while and she shall be as he is; his the shortest, hers the longest way.

Though he cannot come to her, she shall go to him.

In these words, what unutterable consolation dwells?

*Though he cannot come to her, she shall go to him.*

THE END.



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